

Production No. 1F20

The Simpsons

"SECRETS OF A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE"

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FINAL 1

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"SECRETS OF A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE "

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
LENNY.....HARRY SHEARER
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CARL.....HANK AZARIA
HOMER'S BRAIN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
TOUR GUIDE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
JASPER.....HARRY SHEARER
MOLEMAN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
CLASS.....ALL
ADMINISTRATOR.....HANK AZARIA
FLANDERS.....HARRY SHEARER
SQUEAKY VOICED TEEN.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MISS HOOVER.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
MAN (O.S.).....HANK AZARIA
SKINNER.....HARRY SHEARER
OTTO.....HARRY SHEARER
HUTZ.....HANK AZARIA
KRABAPPEL.....MARCIA WALLACE

SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS' WIFE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
APU.....HANK AZARIA
GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE....DAN CASTELLANETA
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
SIDESHOW MEL.....DAN CASTELLANETA
CHIEF WIGGUM.....HANK AZARIA
CARL'S WIFE.....MAGGIE ROSWELL
MILHOUSE.....PAMELA HAYDEN
FLOOZY.....PAMELA HAYDEN
MILHOUSE'S DAD (O.S.)...HANK AZARIA
SNOWBALL II.....DAN CASTELLANETA
REVEREND LOVEJOY.....HARRY SHEARER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER

SECRETS OF A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE

by

Greg Daniels

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LENNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT ESTABLISHING

INT. LENNY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MOE, LENNY, CARL, BARNEY and HOMER all play poker. Moe's *
dealing.

MOE

Alright, I raise a quarter.

CARL

I'm out.

LENNY

I'm out.

BARNEY

I'm out.

He **GROANS** and passes out, falling backward in his chair.

MOE

Homer, do you want any cards? Homer?

Homer is **CHOKING** on something, his face turning blue. Carl
WHACKS him on the back and a poker chip shoots out of his
mouth.

HOMER

Whew. (EXPLAINING) Don't try to eat
these so-called "chips."

LENNY

Do you want another card or not?

HOMER

Huh? Oh. Okay. I'll take three.

Moe deals him three cards. Homer looks at them one by one.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(ANNOYED GRUNT) (ANNOYED GRUNT)

(ANNOYED GRUNT) (THEN, SLYLY) I mean,

woo hoo!

Homer throws a chip into the pot.

MOE

I'm in. Let's see your cards.

HOMER

(GROAN) I was bluffing.

He throws down his hand. It's a straight flush. Moe cups his hands around the chips.

MOE

(LAUGHS) Come to papa... Wait a minute!

You have a straight flush, Homer. Go!

You do this every time. You, oh, ah,

... I'm choking on my own rage here.

CARL

(GENTLY) Hey, don't yell at Homer.

Just because he's a little slow...

Homer **GASPS**. PAN UP to his brain.

HOMER'S BRAIN

Something was said: not good. What was it? "Don't yell at Homer." No, that's okay. What was it? "Slow." They called you "slow!"

SFX: GAME SHOW RINGING BELL

HOMER

(JUMPING UP) How dare you call me
that?!

We PULL BACK to see it's much later. Homer is alone with Lenny who's in his pajamas, getting something out of the refrigerator.

LENNY

Hey, Homer, you still here? Boy, you
are slow.

Homer GASPS.

HOMER'S BRAIN

Something said: not good...

LENNY

Get the hell outta here.

Lenny kicks Homer out.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - MORNING

SCENE 2

The FAMILY is EATING breakfast.

HOMER

So, anyhoo, last night, we're playing
poker, right. As usual, I'm winning
and not realizing it. And Lenny says
that I'm... (LAUGHS) get this...
(CHUCKLES) "A little slow."

Homer LAUGHS a little too hard. The family looks
uncomfortable. His LAUGH peters out.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How come you're not laughing? Do you
think I'm slow?

BART

Buh.

LISA

Sneh.

MAGGIE

(TWO SUCKS)

MARGE

We don't think you're slow. But, on the other hand, it's not like you go to museums or read books or anything.

HOMER

You think I don't want to? It's those TV networks, Marge. They won't let me. One quality show after another. Each one fresher and more brilliant than the last. If they only stumbled once -- just gave us thirty minutes to ourselves. But they won't, they won't let me live!

Homer breaks down **SOBBING**.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Homer sits on the bed, dejected.

HOMER

(MOAN) I am slow...

Marge puts her arm around Homer.

MARGE

Oh Homey, if you feel so bad about yourself, there's always things you can do to make yourself feel better.

HOMER

Take another bath in malt liquor?

MARGE

...There's that. Or, you could take an adult education course.

HOMER

(BITTERLY) Oh, and how is "education" supposed to make me feel smarter? Besides, everytime I learn something new, it pushes some old stuff out of my brain. Remember when I took that home wine making course and I forgot how to drive?

MARGE

(OUTRAGED) That's because you were drunk!

HOMER

(WISTFULLY) And how.

MARGE

It's up to you. I know if you try, you can better yourself.

HOMER

Marge, you're right. Now let's
celebrate with a glass of my finest dry
Chablis.

Homer pulls a tin washtub filled with grapes from under the bed. He jumps in and begins STOMPING.

EXT. ADULT EDUCATION ANNEX - ESTABLISHING SCENE 4

A glass-doored building in downtown Springfield. A sign reads "Adult Education Annex: We Take The 'dolt' out of A-dolt Education."

INT. ADULT EDUCATION ANNEX - HALL

Homer walks by various classrooms. A sign reads: "TURN A MAN INTO PUTTY IN YOUR HANDS." He peers in the door. PATTY is addressing a class of WOMEN.

PATTY

One way to drive your man wild is to
wear tight, revealing clothes.

SELMA walks out from behind a changing screen in a revealing nightgown, smoking a cigarette.

CLASS

Eww!

PATTY

At this point, I'd like to remind you
there are no refunds.

Homer continues down the hall. Homer passes another classroom. A sign reads: "FUNK DANCING FOR SELF-DEFENSE."

MOE

All right, here's the 411, folks. Say
some gangsta is dissin' your fly girl.
You just give him one of these.

Moe does a fancy hip-hop routine, ending with expertly pulling a shotgun off his desk and **FIRING** wildly.

Homer walks to another classroom, where a sign reads: "HOW TO CHEW TOBACCO." Homer peeks in. Lenny is in front of a bunch of PEOPLE with their cheeks full. He expertly **SPITS** in a big brass spittoon.

LENNY

See that ping sound means the spit was
on target. Now you try.

Some students lamely drool on their chins. Others spit on to their own laps or on to the backs of others. Grampa **SPITS** and his teeth fall out.

LENNY (CONT'D)

(TRYING TO BE POSITIVE) Gettin'
better!

HOMER

Wait a minute, even Lenny is teaching a
class. Look at the way they admire and
adore him.

HOMER'S POV

Several students, tobacco running down their mouths and cheeks, smile admiringly at Lenny.

HOMER

That's it! If he can teach a class, he
can teach a class. (BEAT) I mean, I
can teach a class.

INT. ADULT EDUCATION ANNEX - OFFICE

Homer is sitting with the ADMINISTRATOR.

ADMINISTRATOR

What is your area of expertise?

HOMER

Well, I worked over ten years at the nuclear power plant.

ADMINISTRATOR

Sorry, we already have a tobacco spitter.

HOMER

(GROAN) I've failed again. Everybody can teach a class but me. I'm an idiot. What am I gonna tell my wife and kids?

ADMINISTRATOR

Oh, you're married?

HOMER

(FLIRTATIONOUSLY) That depends. Is there another way to get this job?

ADMINISTRATOR

No, no, Mr. Simpson, what I mean is, we may have a job for you after all. We need someone to teach a course on Marriage and Parenting.

HOMER

I'll do it! Anything to get me out of that house, away from all that nagging and noise and stupid... (REALIZING; TO ADMINISTRATOR) Uh, how much have you heard?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSONS' KITCHEN - EVENING

SCENE 5

Marge, Bart, Lisa, and Maggie are eating dinner. Homer enters wearing a tweed blazer with a pipe in his mouth.

HOMER

Good evening, family. My name is...

Homer begins writing on the wall.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(AS HE WRITES) Professor...

MARGE

Stop that! I still haven't gotten your limerick off the bathroom wall.

LISA

I think this is great. So Dad, will you be lecturing from a standardized text or using the more Socratic method of interactive class participation?

HOMER

(PATRONIZING) Yes, Lisa. Daddy's a teacher.

EXT. FLANDERS' HOUSE

Homer pulls up in his car, jumps out, **MOTOR RUNNING**, runs to the front door, and **RINGS** the **BELL**. **FLANDERS** answers.

FLANDERS

Well, Homer, what a pleasant...

HOMER

Can't talk now, Flanders. (SMUGLY)

I've got a class to teach.

Homer runs back to his car and drives off.

FLANDERS

But you rang my...

EXT. STREET

Homer pulls up to a Krustyburger drive-thru. He speaks into the speaker.

HOMER

Nothing for me, today! I've got a
class to teach!

He **ZOOMS** away.

SQUEAKY-VOICED TEENAGER

(FILTERED) Sir, it's a felony to tease
the order box.

EXT. STREET

Homer drives right through a red light, almost causing a severe accident. **HORNS BLARE, TIRES SCREECH.**

HOMER

It's all right! I'm a teacher.

CUT TO:

ANGLE ON MISS HOOVER

In another car.

MISS HOOVER

I didn't know we could do that!

She **PEELS OUT** and drives away recklessly.

INT. CLASSROOM - LATER

Homer is just finishing writing "Secrets of a Successful Marriage. Homer Simpson, Teacher" on the wall, right next to an empty blackboard. We see Homer's class is full, including: OTTO, Moe, GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE, MRS. KRABAPPEL, CARL and his WIFE, APU and PRINCESS KASHMIR, SIDESHOW MEL and his WIFE, Barney, SMITHERS, LIONEL HUTZ.

HOMER

(TO CLASS) All right, the first thing
they told me to do is make sure
everyone here is in the right class.

Homer gets hit in the face with a chaw of tobacco.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Down the hall, room twelve.

MAN (O.S.)

(MOUTH FULL) Thank you.

Homer gets hit in the face again. We see the man leave.

HOMER

Ugh. Okay, let's get started.

Homer just stands there for a long awkward beat. He has no idea how to run the class. CARL'S WIFE whispers sotto to Carl.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CURTLY) No talking.

There's another long awkward silence.

SKINNER

(THEN; FINALLY) Um, how about if we
tell you our problems with
relationships?

HOMER

(WARMING TO IT) Yeah, yeah. That'll eat up some time. Uh, how 'bout you, Otto.

OTTO

My standards are just too high. I feel like nobody's good enough for me.

A LOUSE jumps from Otto's hair.

OTTO (CONT'D)

(NOTICING) Whoa. You think you got 'em all but you forget about the eggs.

HUTZ

My problem is, I'm a real user of women. I move in right away and stay until the money's gone.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

I'm a smart woman, but I make bad choices.

HUTZ

What a shame. Angels shouldn't be lonely. And here's what we'll do about that... (HE WHISPERS IN HER EAR)

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(GIGGLES) Okay. Here's a set of house keys and my ATM card.

HUTZ

Yoink!

SMITHERS

Um, I was married once, but I just
didn't know how to keep it together.

FLASHBACK

INT. OLD SOUTHERN MANSION - BEDROOM

Smithers, in a bathrobe with a crutch, and a drink in his
hand, stands with his back to his **SOBBING** "Liz Taylor"-type
wife. She is lying on the bed in a seductive slip a la
"Cat On A Hot Tin Roof."

SMITHERS' WIFE

(GASP) C'mon, Waylon. Make love to me
the way you used to.

SMITHERS

No.

SMITHERS' WIFE

It's that horrible Mr. Burns, isn't it?

SMITHERS

(ENRAGED) You leave Mr. Burns out of
this! You!

Smithers takes his crutch and **SMASHES** liquor bottles on a
wet bar.

BACK TO SCENE

SMITHERS

(TO HOMER) Mr. Simpson, are you
listening?

We see Homer is lovingly eating an orange.

SMITHERS (CONT'D)

(YELLING) Simpson!

HOMER

Huh? Yeah, I was listening. Very funny.

MOE

You were not! You were just eating a damn orange!

HOMER

Uh, yes, yes. To the untrained eye I'm eating an orange. But to the eye that has brains, I am making a point about marriage. (A PRONOUNCEMENT) For you see, marriage is a lot like an orange.

Homer picks up an orange.

HOMER (CONT'D)

First you have the skin, then the sweet, sweet innards.

He pushes and squeezes the orange into his mouth not unlike a chimp.

APU

I don't understand.

Several other people **AD-LIB** in agreement. They rise and begin to leave.

GROUNDSKEEPER WILLIE

If I wanted to see a man eat an orange, I would have taken the orange eating class.

INT. CLASSROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

SCENE 8

MOLEMAN sits at a desk in front of a crowded class. A bunch of oranges are in front of him.

MOLEMAN

SCENE 8 CONT'D

The eating of an orange is a lot like a
good marriage...

GRAMPA

Just eat the damn oranges!

BACK TO SCENE

The students have reached the door and are starting to exit.

CLASS

(AD LIBS) "This is terrible." "Very
disappointing." "Let's get out of
here." "Homer stinks."

HOMER

(MOANS) I told Marge this wouldn't work
the other night in bed.

The students stop and turn back.

CLASS

(AD LIB) "In bed?" / "What wouldn't
work?"

MOE

So something wasn't working in bed,
huh? (DERISIVE LAUGH)

HOMER

No, that's not what I meant. Marge and I always talk things over in bed. Like the other night we were fighting about money.

SKINNER

Ooh, a fight.

MOE

Trouble in paradise, huh? (DERISIVE LAUGH)

The class take their seats, their curiosity newly piqued.

HOMER

I was telling Marge that we could save some money if she only dyed her hair once a month.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Marge dyes her hair?

HOMER

(AND HOW) Oh yeah. She's been grey since she was seventeen.

SIDESHOW MEL

C'mon, tell us more!

We see the class lean forward, intensely interested.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SOMEWHERE

HOMER

I went on for hours and they were
hanging on my every word. I really
think I was born to teach.

We PULL BACK to reveal he is talking to the Krustyburger
drive thru speaker. Several police cars pull up. Wiggum
jumps out with a bullhorn.

WIGGUM

All right Simpson, you were warned
about teasing the box.

HOMER

(SCREAMS)

Homer SQUEALS off. Wiggum walks over to the Krustybuger
speaker.

ACT II ↓

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXT. KWIK-E-MART

SCENE 9

INT. KWIK-E-MART - DAY

Marge is standing at the counter with some stuff.
Moe and Krabappel are behind her in line.

APU

Uh, Mrs. Simpson, it may interest you
to know we are having a sale on blue
dye number 52. It is your hair color,
I believe.

MARGE

Whatever do you mean? I don't dye my
hair... (UNEASY LAUGH)

MOE

(TO APU) Nah, nah, nah, you got it wrong. She's blue 56.

MARGE

(THROUGH PHONEY SMILE) I don't know what you're talking about. (STARTS TO LEAVE)

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(CALLING AFTER HER) We just love your husband's class.

MARGE (O.S.)

(CALLING BACK MURMUR)

INT. SIMPSON BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marge is in bed. Homer is coming out of the bathroom.

MARGE

Homer, I really don't like you telling personal secrets in your class.

HOMER

Marge, I didn't tell them personal stuff.

MARGE

Today at the Kwik-E-Mart everybody knew I dyed my hair.

HOMER

Oh, you mean about you. All right, maybe I said some things - some personal things. But, you should have seen 'em, Marge. They really wanted to hear what I had to say.

MARGE

(UNINTERESTED) Mm-hmm. I'm happy about that, Homer. But, I think you can be a good teacher and still respect our privacy.

HOMER

(BUILDING INTENSITY) Look, Marge, you don't know what it's like. I'm the one there everyday, putting his ass on the line. And I'm not out of order. You're out of order. The whole freakin' system is out of order. You want the truth? You want the truth? You can't handle the truth. 'Cause when you reach over and put your hand into a pile of goo that was your best friend's face, you'll know what to do. Forget it, Marge - it's Chinatown.

Marge grabs Homer by the lapels and pulls his face close to hers.

MARGE

Homer, don't ever tell them personal stuff about me again.

HOMER

(MEEKLY) Yes ma'am.

INT. CLASSROOM - EVENING

SCENE 10

Homer sits at a desk, addressing a very eager class. There are more people in attendance than before.

HOMER

Now what is a wedding? Well, Webster's Dictionary describes a wedding as:
'The process of removing weeds from one's garden.'

The class GROANS.

MOE

Tell us more about you and Marge.

HOMER

This is a place of learning, not a house of... hearing about things.

The class begins to get up to leave. LOW MUMURS.

CARL'S WIFE

Guess he's run out of stories.

SKINNER

What a rip off.

OTTO

I can't believe that I paid \$10,000!
What the heck was that lab fee for?

HOMER

No, wait! Uh, uh, wait!... I, yeah! I do have a story about two other young marrieds.

Everyone rushes back to their seats.

EVERYONE

(AD LIBBING) Oh, alright. / Okay.

HOMER

(GOSSIPY) Now, the wife of this couple has an interesting quirk in the bedroom. It seems she goes wild with desire if her husband nibbles on her elbow.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

We need names!

HOMER

Well let's just call them uh, "Mr. X" and "Mrs. Y." So anyway, Mr. X would say, 'Marge, If this doesn't get your motor running, my name isn't Homer J. Simpson.'

The class **GASPS**, titillated.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - THE NEXT EVENING

Marge is preparing dinner with Bart and Lisa. Homer enters.

MARGE

Homer, don't you have to get to class?

HOMER

Not tonight, Marge. Tonight we can eat
a nice, leisurely dinner at home.

MARGE

Oh, well that would be...

INT. SIMPSON DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The family walks into the dining room.

MARGE / LISA / BART

(GASPS)

Homer's entire class, holding note pads, stands against the
wall, surrounding the table.

MARGE

What the darn...?

HOMER

Marge, you'll never guess what. My
whole class is here. They're going to
observe the human peep show that is our
lives.

OTTO

This better be good! I paid \$400.00
for the cab ride over here.

A **SEETHING** Marge, along with Lisa and Bart stiffly take
their seats and begin eating in silence.

HOMER

(BIG, CHEERFUL, A BIT STILTED) So,
little Lisa, apple of my eye. How are
things down at the ol' schoolhouse?

LISA

I find this demeaning and embarrassing
beyond my worst nightmares.

HOMER

(FORCED LAUGH, THEN TO BART) And how's
my little major leaguer? Catch any
Junebugs today?

BART

Well, me and Milhouse took some mail
from a mail truck and threw it down the
sewer.

HOMER

(FIRM, BUT LOVING) Son, I know you
meant well, but that wasn't the right
thing to do. I'm afraid I'm gonna have
to send you to the time-out room.

BART

What the hell are you talkin' about?

HOMER

(LEADING) You know, the non-violent
punishment system we've always had in
this house.

BART

(TOTALLY CONFUSED) Whaaat?

HOMER

Why you little...

Homer strangles Bart.

MARGE

Homer!

BART

I'm outta here!

LISA

Me too.

Bart and Lisa run out.

HOMER

(CHEERFULLY, AS IF NOTHING HAPPENED)

Well, now that the little ones have
toddled off to bed...

MARGE

Homer, we have to talk. Now!

HOMER

Certainly, Marge. If you could just
turn and face the class...

MARGE

(THREATENING MURMUR)

MOE

Hey, Homer, why don't you just nibble
her elbow. That always melts her
butter, right? (DERISIVE LAUGH)

MARGE

(MORTIFIED GASP) All right. Okay.
Everybody out!

APU

(LEERING) Ooh, she's gotta have it.

MARGE

(YELLING) Get out! Get out! Get out!

Marge begins hustling people outside. Homer calls out the door after them.

HOMER

Alright, we're breaking early tonight, class. For tomorrow, you should read pages seven through eighteen in Lisa's diary.

MARGE

You, too.

HOMER

Huh?

MARGE

Get out!

HOMER

But I'm not in the cla...

She pushes Homer out and **SLAMS** the door.

EXT. SIMPSON FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Homer stands outside the door dejectedly. There is a beat of awkward silence as the class stares at him.

OTTO

Homer, if you need a place to crash you can move into my studio apartment. We'll split the rent. What's half of \$35,000?

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - EVENING - AN HOUR LATER

Homer is **KNOCKING** on the door.

HOMER

Come on, Marge. Let me in! (LOOKING
AROUND NERVOUSLY) There's crickets out
here.

Marge opens the door and glares at Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, Marge, things were said, mistakes
were made. Let's end this madness and
get on with our lives.

He starts in but Marge blocks his path.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Now if you'll just step aside...

MARGE

You just don't get it, do you, Homer?
You told personal things about our
lives even after you promised you
wouldn't. I can't trust you anymore.

HOMER

But, I learned my lesson. It'll never
happen again.

Flanders pokes his head out of his window.

FLANDERS

Hey, Homer, what's the big brouhaha?

Ha.

HOMER

Aw, Marge is throwing me out for
blabbing about her elbow thing.

Marge SLAMS the door.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(CALLING) Honey, the door blew shut!

(REALIZES) Oh. Fine. That's what you
want? You got it. This scene is
getting old, man. I'm hittin' the
road. Maybe I'll drop you a line
someday from wherever I wind up in this
crazy old world.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Marge, Lisa, Bart, and Maggie are having breakfast.

MARGE

Kids, your father and I are going
through a tough time right now. I
don't know what's going to happen, but
just remember that both your mom and
your dad love you very very much.

Marge exits.

BART

(WORRIED) Wow, I've never seen mom so
mad at Homer before.

LISA

I'll tell you a secret. Everytime I'm worried about mom and dad, I go to the attic and add to my ball of string.

INT. ATTIC

We see an enormous string ball a la "Raiders Of The Lost Ark." SNOWBALL II approaches it curiously and gives it a single WHACK with its paw. The ball instantly rolls on top of Snowball II.

SNOWBALL II

Yowl!

EXT. TREEHOUSE

SCENE 13

Bart and Milhouse are wearing cheesy toy space helmets, climbing the ladder up to the treehouse.

BART

(INTO WALKIE TALKIE) Earthbase, this is commander Bart McCool. We are under attack by the Zorrinid Brain Changers! (TO MILHOUSE) Quickly, into the safety dome, Milbot!

MILHOUSE

(ROBOT VOICE) Affirmative, humanoid.

They both jump into the treehouse to see Homer in a dirty tank T-shirt, **SCRUBBING** some underwear on a washboard. They both make disgusted **NOISES**.

HOMER

Don't mind me boys, just scrubbing my undies.

MILHOUSE

(REMOVING HIS HELMET) Sorry, Bart, your
dad kinda blew the fantasy. I only
like it when I'm pretend scared.

Milhouse slowly backs away and climbs back down the ladder.

HOMER

(TO BART) Keep up the rough-housing,
son. Without a strong male presence in
the house, you could turn sissy
overnight. (RESUMES SCRUBBING) Oh,
these stubborn grass stains.

He holds up his wet tattered clothes.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Calgon, take me away!

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

REVEREND LOVEJOY and his WIFE are walking toward the house.

ON HOMER IN THE TREEHOUSE

Homer - in his tattered clothes, with a rope for a belt -
watches them walk up the driveway.

HOMER

Oo, good, Reverend Lovejoy will make
Marge take me back. He has to push the
sanctity of marriage or his god will
punish him.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM

Marge sits with the Reverend and Helen Lovejoy.

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Mm, get a divorce.

HELEN LOVEJOY

(AGREEING) Mm hm.

MARGE

But, isn't that a sin?

REVEREND LOVEJOY

Mm Marge, just about everything is a sin. (HOLDS UP BIBLE) Y'ever sat down and read this thing? Technically, we're not allowed to go to the bathroom.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE

SCENE 14

Patty and Selma come up the walk.

ON HOMER IN TREEHOUSE

He is now wearing a crudely-fashioned hat made out of leaves, playing tunelessly on a primitive, gourd-type instrument. He catches sight of Patty and Selma.

HOMER

(GASPS) Patty and Selma! They'll harden Marge's heart with their evil mojo.

He picks up a blowgun and takes aim.

ANGLE ON PATTY AND SELMA

A blowdart WHISTLES toward them. Without looking up, Patty calmly lifts her purse, stopping the dart inches from her face. Patty pulls the dart out and tastes the tip.

PATTY

Hmm, curare. (RE: HOMER IN TREE) A
classic reversion to a primitive state.

SELMA

I love it.

They both CHUCKLE.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - LATER THAT DAY

Patty and Selma drink coffee and smoke.

PATTY

Admit it. You're happier without
Homer. You don't have to cook for him,
you don't have to clean up after him...

MARGE

Well, in general, the house is a lot
less sticky. (TURNING MELANCHOLY) On
the other hand, it's awfully quiet with
just three kids and the pets. (TURNING
AGAIN) But that means I have more time
for myself. And that's a good thing,
right?

SELMA

Oh yeah, time is money.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD STREET

Marge drives down the street.

MARGE

(SIGHS) Funny... the way everything
reminds me of Homer.

Marge drives by several stores: "Broken Home Chimney Repair," "Splitsville Ice Cream Sundaes," and "Painful Memories Party Supplies." We go TIGHT into Marge's face.

HOMER (V.O.)

(ECHOEY) I love you... Will you marry
me, Marge?... You mean I'm going to be
a daddy?... I hope we'll always be
together... together... together...

Marge looks in the back seat. Homer is lying on the floor, speaking through a small tube.

HOMER

(CAUGHT, SMALL VOICE) Together?

EXT. SIMPSON STREET

The car **SQUEALS** around the corner. Homer is pushed out and rolls to a stop.

EXT. TREEHOUSE - NIGHT

SCENE 15

Lisa is climbing up with a bowl of chocolate pudding. Lisa reaches the top of the treehouse.

LISA

Here, Dad. I brought you some nice...

(SMALL SCREAM)

LISA'S POV

Homer is putting the finishing touches on a potted plant which has been trimmed in the shape of Marge's hair with a crude paper plate face.

HOMER

Good news, Lisa. I don't need your
mother anymore. I've created a
replacement that's superior to her in
almost every way.

LISA

Dad, that's just a plant.

HOMER

Lisa, you will respect your new mother.

Now give her a kiss. Kisss herrr.

Homer shoves the plant toward Lisa. It falls out of the treehouse and **CRASHES** on the ground in a twisted jumble of dirt and leaves.

HOMER (CONT'D)

OhmyGodohmyGodohmyGod. (GASPING) All right, let's get our stories straight. She tripped, right?

LISA

Look, I brought you some nice pudding.

HOMER

Ah, your flesh mother used to bring me pudding. Oh, I miss Marge.

(DESPERATELY) Lisa you're smart. Help me trick her into taking me back.

LISA

Dad, you can't trick somebody into loving you. (NOBLY) There's a reason two people come together and stay together. There's something they give each other that nobody else can give them. If you want to get Mom back, you just have to remember what you give her that nobody else can.

HOMER

(BEAT) I'll pay you forty dollars if
you think of it for me.

LISA

No.

HOMER

How about if I throw in this ancestral
spirit mask.

Homer puts the mask up to his face. It resembles a
grotesque version of Grampa. Homer wiggles his tongue
through the mouth hole.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SPOOKY WAIL)

Lisa **SCREAMS** and runs off.

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LATER

Moe, dressed in courting clothes, holding a bouquet of
flowers, **RINGS** the doorbell.

MOE

Oh, uh, hi, Marge. I heard you and
Homer broke up so, um, I'm declaring my
intentions to move in on his territory.
Here, I brung you some posies.

MARGE

Oh my. I'm very flattered, but I'm not
really interested.

MOE

(HURT) Geez, I come here, I get
dressed up all nice-like, I put my
heart on the line and make a fool of
myself (VOICE STARTS TO CRACK) Oh boy,
I'm gonna start bawling, here.

MARGE

Why don't you come inside for a drink
of water?

MOE

(CHOKED UP) 'Kay.

Moe enters. The door closes just as Homer begins up the
walk. He has degenerated into a feral state, and he holds
a bouquet of posies.

HOMER

(LAUGH) I figured out Lisa's riddle.
I'm the only one who could ever give
Marge a bouquet of posies.

Homer approaches the front door and through the front
window sees Moe sitting on the couch.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(GASPS) Oh no, it's Moe! (ANNOYED
GRUNT) No Moe! Must go! No Moe, whoa,
whoa! Moe go! (GIBBERISH)

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Moe sips a drink of water.

MOE

(WISTFULLY) Clean house, no
silverfish... I coulda been very happy
here.

Homer **BURSTS** in the front door. He is so agitated he
begins jumping up and down in front of Moe. A tattered,
raggedy, mess. Marge comes running back in.

HOMER

(INDECIPHERABLE GIBBERISH) Mogo, Gomo,
Nomo... etc.

MOE

(YELLING) It's one of those wild men
from Madagascar! (TO HOMER) I been
tellin' you for thirty years I didn't
take your stinkin' jewel!

Homer continues **YELLING**.

MOE

(FRIGHTENED) Okay, okay, here it is!
Here it is!

He pulls out a jewel from around his neck, throws it at
Homer's feet and runs out.

MARGE

Homer, what happened to you? We've
only been apart for 18 hours.

HOMER

Marge, I figured out what I can give
you that no one else can. (WITH
FEELING) A bouquet of po... (DEFEATED
MOAN)

Homer has noticed Moe's flowers on the table for the first time.

HOMER

(SAD MOAN) I give up. I don't deserve
to live with you.

Crestfallen, Homer **SHUFFLES** to the door, his tattered clothes catch on the corner of the coffee table and he drags it behind him.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(SADLY) My tattered rags are caught on
your coffee table.

MARGE

(ANNOYED) Oh, here, let me help you.

She frees him. Homer opens the door and is about to walk out when...

HOMER

Wait a minute! Wait, that's it! I
know now what I can offer you that no
one else can. Complete and
unconditional dependence.

MARGE

Homer, that's not a good thing.

HOMER

Are you kidding? It's a wondrous,
marvelous thing. Marge, I need you
more than anyone else on this entire
planet could possibly ever need you.
I need you to take care of me, to put
up with me, (QUIETLY) and most of all,
I need you to love me, because I love
you.

Marge is moved. Pause then:

MARGE

But, how do I know I can trust you?

HOMER

Marge, look at me! We've been
separated less than a day, and I'm as
dirty as a Frenchman. In another few
hours, I'll be dead. I can't afford to
lose your trust again.

Marge looks at Homer for a beat. She opens her arms.
Homer goes to her. They hug.

MARGE

(MURMUR) I must admit, you really do
make a gal feel needed.

HOMER

Until my class hears about this.

(QUICKLY; OFF HER LOOK) Kidding!

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - LATER

HOMER

(CONTENTED SIGH) It's great to be
indoors with my family.

Lisa comes over to Homer and hugs him.

LISA

I'm really glad you're back, Dad. I
knew you could do it. (WHISPERS IN HIS
EAR) Now don't screw it up.

BART

Look, Dad. I missed you so much, I
couldn't concentrate in school and I
got an "F".

He hands Homer the paper.

HOMER

Hey, this is dated two weeks ago.

BART

Oh, sorry. Here's a fresh one.

Bart looks through a stack of papers and hands him another.

MARGE

And I have a special present for you,
but I'll give it to you later tonight.

She elbows him suggestively.

HOMER

Special present?! (WHINY-CHILDISH) I

don't wanna wait! I want it now!

(REALIZING) Oh. Right. Later.

(KNOWING LAUGH)

There is a **KNOCK** at the door. Homer answers. Moe is standing there surrounded by several WILDMEN from Madagascar, a spear to his throat.

MOE

(NERVOUSLY) Hello, Homer. Oh, I, uh, seemed to have left behind a jewel that belongs to these good gentlemen.

HOMER

Oh, yeah. Here.

Homer hands him the jewel. The wildmen hustle Moe out. Homer and Marge look lovingly into each other's eyes.

MOE (O.C.)

(TO A WILDMAN) Now, you did promise me my death would be painless, right?...Right? Painless? Wow! That's hurting already fellas... Hey!...Oo, that's better.

FADE OUT:

THE END